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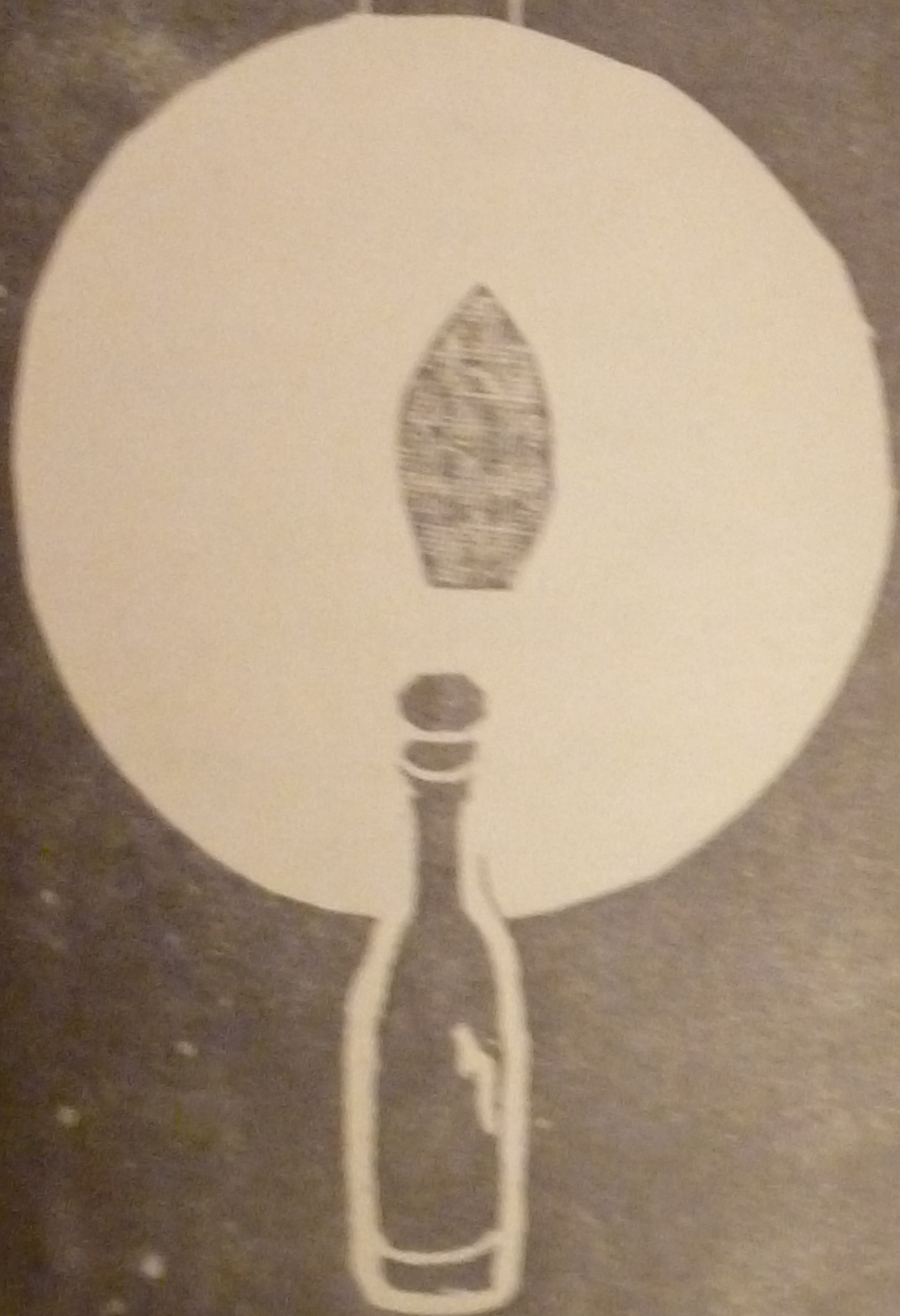
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QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

"INSTEAD OF CURSING THE DARKNESS ONE LIGHTS A CANDLE"

NO. 5

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EDITORIAL.

It must be patently clear to all thinking people that the political future of the West Indies seems doomed for at least another generation, perhaps until the present crop of politicians die out. The time was when hopes ran high that West Indian political association would fructify and forge a solid little nation, economically viable, politically meaningful, and potentially great. It was even mooted that a multi-racial and cosmopolitan West Indian nation might serve as a showcase and social laboratory to a world dominated by narrow chauvinism and governed by race prejudice. That was ten years ago. Nowadays things are very different. The major political actors on the local scene missed their cue. And British colonial officials prompted wrongly. So in place of a single West Indian nation we sport a hopelessly fragmented region that apprehensively parades independent—in the sense that they possess their own flag and anthem—Jamaica, Trinidad, Guyana, soon-to-be-independent Barbados, and ludicrously puts on display six units that can be self-governing only in narrow constitutional terms.

The mid 1950's represented the high-water mark of Caribbean unity. Then there was copious talk about, and a half-baked attempt to implement, a West Indian Federation embracing initially the ten English-speaking islands and hoping to extend to include the mainland colonies of British Guiana and British Honduras. Today nearly all hopes for political integration have been shattered and all the noble ideals and lofty aspirations surrounding the notion of a common destiny for a common heritage have dissolved. This reactionary trend implicit in the self-imposed balkanisation of the British Caribbean area is a tale of woe. It was set in motion by the personality conflicts among West

Indian political elites that climaxed in the ill-fated Jamaica Referendum when Manley abdicated his position of trust and responsibility. It gathered momentum with the ingenious political arithmetic of Eric Williams who calculated that one from ten left zero. And it was accelerated by the political posturings first of Errol Barrow who conceived the notion that Barbados could go it alone, of John Compton and Vere Bird who began to entertain grandiose thoughts of leading autonomous islands, and of Herbert Blaize who naively accepted the Trinidad invitation to incorporate. Naturally the political meandering of the other Governments did not help matters. In the face of all the din and confusion British Guiana struck out on her own and British Honduras decided that her future lay in a continental destiny.

The trouble is that objective circumstances, the stern economic factors and harsh realities of formal political independence, are tending to drive the West Indian leaders together almost in spite of themselves. The presence of the common services—the University of the West Indies, the meteorological stations, the Federal Boats, the prospective Free Trade Area, and that great national institution, the West Indies cricket Team—all stand monumentally pointing in one direction: that the West Indies must unite for mere survival. It is a necessity. One only hopes that the glamour of status and the sweets of office in so many localised seats of power will not long militate against the movement to unification. The political gullivers must swallow their little pride, bury political hatchets, and heed that still small voice which is still desperately calling them together. Otherwise we stand witness to the suicidal dismemberment of a potentially impressive West Indian nation, and we may well have to wait another generation to see something salvaged from the wreckage.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

Below we publish an objective analysis of the political situation in St. Vincent. It is not a scholarly work, nor was it meant to be one. It is a factual account of the goings-on in the political arena in which the writer seeks to recapture certain political events and place them in their proper historical context. As far as we know this is the first attempt seriously to record, assess, and analyse the forces which shape our politics and the article, written for the general reader, must be regarded as a timely piece appearing as it does a few weeks before a crucial general election. Obviously it is not intended as a guide to the proper exercise of the vote, but is meant merely to expose one to the political setting in which one lives. If it does this without injecting bitterness or bias it will have justified its inclusion in this issue.

ST. VINCENT: A POLITICAL KALEIDOSCOPE

By KENNETH JOHN

I

In this article I want to deal with the political situation as it exists in St. Vincent. More particularly I want to stress the unstable nature of the party system, such as it is, and to suggest that the dismal state of the island's political condition will persist so long as we are afflicted with the twin perils of a failure of leadership and the political illiteracy of the masses.

In an article of this sort one is hard put to know where to begin; so many present-day events seem to stem from the past, determined conditioned, or at least influenced by what went before. The mainstream of my discussion spans the period 1951-1966, and there is a reason for this. I want to deal specifically with fifteen years under adult suffrage when, to put it clumsily, Vincentian politics became "nationalized," when the roles of the nascent political party and emergent trade union movement became the most prominent features on the social landscape. But this will not be done to the exclusion of some treatment of the preceding era which has evidently cast a shadow on the present situation. To begin with political development and constitutional advancement tend to go hand-in-glove and for this reason it will be necessary to give a graphic picture of constitutional development as background knowledge for a better grasping of the subtleties of today's political trends.

St. Vincent became a British Colony after the Seven Years' War, a claim which was confirmed by the Treaty of Versailles 1763. The imposed constitution was a pocket-edition of

the British with a Governor, Council and Assembly standing as miniature versions of King, Lords and Commons. But whereas in the British circumstance the separation of these three organs of Government was more apparent than real owing to the evolution of a two-party system and the force of convention, in St. Vincent each body was sealed off in virtually water-tight compartments. The hand-picked council was merely advisory to the Governor who ruled as well as reigned. The assembly, like the Council representative only of the White Planter class, remained a largely ineffective debating society save where it obstructed in its control over finance. To think of becoming a member of the assembly one first has to own 50 acres of land or a lot in town valued at £50. per annum, while to exercise the vote one had to own 10 acres of land or a lot valued at £10. p.a. in the country or £20 in town. This political system was the handmaiden of colonial slave society then enjoying its heyday, but it developed a momentum of its own which spilled over and persisted in its fundamentals far into the post-emancipation period. From 1763-1838 Vincentians existed under a very repressive regime dominated by a sprinkling of White Plantocrats. The slaves, far and away the bulk of the population, had few rights. They were not human beings, legally speaking; they were mere chattel. After the Emancipation Act (1838) quite a few of the ex-slaves bought out mountain lands and by their industry and resource began to qualify for the franchise. It was this prospect of eventual government by the free Blacks placed against the backdrop of the Haitian revolution and Morant Bay Rebellion in Jamaica which prompted the White overlords to surrender the constitution and opt for pure Crown Colony rule 1877. Thus a trend which might have developed peacefully into democratic institutions was stunted at its birth; hence the significance of 1951. The new council was wholly nominated and, not unnaturally, it was constituted of the island's moneyed men—John Hazell, Cheesman and Kennedy Porter were the unofficial members. It needs no great perceptive mind to observe that political parties had no *raison d'être* in the prevailing climate. Primitive Crown Colony Government held away for nearly fifty years. During this period progressive ideas from the large world began to seep through the colonial curtain, news of the proletarian revolution in Russia broke through, and many Vincentians were imbued with libertarian and egalitarian ideas to which they were exposed during overseas fighting in the First World War. Indeed George V himself had declared piously that the successful termination of the war "manifests the victory of the ideals of freedom and liberty for which we have made untold sacrifices." But many colonials were

tempted to take the King seriously. In Trinidad Cipriani formed a Representative Government Association with the slogan "Crown Colony rule must Go" and all the smaller islands followed suit. It must be emphasized that the Vincentian counterpart was not a really radical movement. It was for the most part the dissentient voice of a disgruntled middle class which believed that it had mastered all the cultural shibboleths and political idiom of the mother-country to qualify for some measure of constitutional advance. Little thought was directed to the condition of the man-in-the street. Featuring in the Association were the "nouveaux riches" — C. D. McDowall, F. A. Corea, H. M. Haywood, Alex Fraser, O. D. Brisbane, and intellectuals like George McIntosh and Robert Anderson. The upshot of all this agitation was the Wood Commission of 1922. In his report 1924 Wood made that famous statement which the British has forged into a handy weapon for use at constitutional conferences, "that democracy is a plant of tender growth" as a fitting preface to the grudging concessions which he recommended. An elected element was reintroduced hedged in by property and educational qualifications. In any event there were to be only 8 elected members who even with the unlikely support of nominated members could be outvoted by the official bloc. As if elected members like Alex Fraser, Walter Grant and Joseph Gray, all men of economic substance, would need curbing in the legislature. The second term under this constitution was dominated by the same stamp of men. Arnold Punnett was nominated in place of Elliott Sprott who had died and A.B.C. DaSantos was returned when J. M. Gray had retired on grounds of ill-health. At its third term the old pattern, as it was no doubt anticipated, persisted with only a slight change in personnel, Agostino DaSilva and Frederick Corea being the new elected members. Obviously some bold break-through was needed lest the system harden into a constitutional dead-end which might frustrate the political aspirations of the great majority of the people. The cue was taken by a group of Windward Islands liberals, spear-headed by Grenada's Marryshow, who clamoured for a self-governing West Indian political community. The St. Vincent Representative Government Association was superseded by McIntosh's Workingmen's Association to which was attached a political wing known as the St. Vincent Labour Party (1932). As a direct outcome of pressure tactics which climaxed at the Dominica Conference at which St. Vincent was represented by Eb. Duncan, a further liberalisation of the constitution was effected. Frankly, it was not much of a muchness, the elected members went up from three to five and the nominated from one to three. It was glowing testimony to the passion of the

British for piece-meal, gradualistic, constitutional grants. It meant only that the elected members could now hold the official bloc in temporary deadlock once it had been assured the co-operation of the nominated element. Once again it is necessary to emphasize that with the exception of George McIntosh, who tended to radicalism, the other four elected members were conservatives who could reasonably be expected to be cautious in their approach and accommodationist in their outlook. They were Newton Nantco, Alpheus Allen, Herbert Davis, and George McIntosh. George McIntosh championing the cause of the disfranchised class which he tried to shock out of its lethargy and and supineness. When economic hardship during the 1930's depression married with political suppression and social degradation the message got through, and the result was the 1935 civil disturbances during which George McIntosh was jailed. The British Colonial Office which believed only in "negotiation after crisis," sent in the celebrated Moyne Commission to investigate and make recommendations. The Moyne Commission Report was revealing. It provided documentary evidence which read like an indictment against British Colonial policies that exploited a people living in sub-human conditions. It was dynamite and the British withheld its publication until the end of the Second World War. In fact Moyne flattered to deceive, for although he saw clearly the cause for most of the discontent he was diffident in coming up with the real answers. But radical problems need radical solutions, Moyne or no Moyne, and his advocacy of constitutional reform that was "judicious in existing circumstances" only begged the question. By the time of the implementation of his report much water had flowed under the bridge and it was clear that nothing short of adult suffrage with an unambiguous time-table leading up to eventual autonomy would suffice. The new constitution came in force in 1951. The illiterate masses were for the first time made political animals. And there was an elected majority in the House—eight as against three nominated and two officials. A quasi-Ministerial system was set up with three elected members serving as chairmen of various committees which were responsible for the running of the relevant Government departments. It in fact offered a period of apprenticeship for potential Ministers and, given the plums of office offered by the new governmental structure, the idea of the formal political party was born.

II

With the advent of the universal franchise in 1951 our main story begins. The flood-gates of pent up frustrations were unlocked and the people channelled all their released emotions

into politico-economic movements. Everyone had to be a party man and a unionist in a fashion bordering on the fanatic. A political vacuum was created which sucked in the charismatic leader to offer a "Father figure" image to a people still afflicted with the slave mentality of Massa Day. Political meetings spiced with meaningless sloganising and empty promises became the chief lform of entertainment in a culturally benighted region. Following their local hero to whom they were often bonded by the spell of persuasive oratory and social identification, or by the more compulsive strange-hold of economic dependence the people shifted their support with every move he made. And the politician, newly arrived, and bewitched by the intoxicant of freshly-won laurels, gyrated between parties, crossed the floor, and performed all sort of incredible political gymnastics in the haunting desire to consolidate his acquisition of power. Thus has the political situation in St. Vincent remained fluid, even amorphous. The game of party chairs and music has become commonplace and makes a mockery of the political process; the obstinate conservation of an inefficient Civil Service aggravates the problem; and the intransigency of the Employer-class in dealing with irresponsible Trade Unions adds to the troubles. When it is recalled that all these problems are located in a small, backward island, with no clear-cut future, the political situation seems very bleak and to admit of no ready answer. But this is running ahead, and we need to go back and chronicle the events as they happened from 1951—1966.

The 1951 general elections took the old St. Vincent Labour Party by surprise. It was disorganised and it had no ideology to which members were committed. George McIntosh, Eb. Duncan, Edmund Joachim, Syl DeFreitas, and Sinclair Bonadie were the elected members of the previous council. If they were not progressives they certainly were not conservatives of the deepest dye. The true blue conservatives had already begun to read the signs of the time and were busy having themselves entrenched among the nominated group. The nominated members of the two previous councils, not all of them enlightened businessmen, were representatives of vested interests. They were Arnold Punnett, Alex. Fraser, William Hadley, O. D. Brisbane, E. A. C. Hughes and William Hadley. In their utter disarray the veterans were easy game for any new, seemingly radical, movement which could paint them as anachronistic figures and relics of a past age. Such a new movement came in the form of the 8 Army of Liberation. It was not a political party even as political parties go in the West Indies. It was mere sounding brass, a loosely knitted string of political office-seekers who capitalised on the liberalised constitution to supplant the politically established order. The

8 Army was properly the political arm of the newly created United Workers and Rate Payers Union whose launching was greeted with phenomenal workers' response. Indeed there could not have been a more opportune time for the appearance of a Trade Union. The workers were disgruntled and divided, the Workingmen's Association having long ceased to be the economic weapon of the working class. And a union in a community in which the labouring classes predominate numerically was an indispensable ally to a Labour Party, the sole effective instrument to correct wrongs inflicted by the landed and big business interests, a sine qua non of electoral success. George Hamilton Charles was the Founder/Leader of the 8 Army and president of the union of which Ebenezer Theodore Joshua was Treasurer, both men being recent returnees from Trinidad where they had graduated at the Butler School of Politics. These two, and Julian Baynes apart, members of this party cum union were all political upstarts. Yet the 8 Army swept the polls completely. Duly elected to the eight-man legislature were Ebenezer Joshua (North Windward), George Charles (Central Windward), Evans Morgan (South Windward), Julian Baynes (St. Georges), Rudolph Baynes (Kingstown), Herman Young (South Leeward), Samuel Slater (North Leeward) and Clive Tannis (Grenadines).

The 1951 Legislative Council was off to a bad start. The 8 Army had no positive policy, the powers of the House were very circumscribed, and the group contained some strange bedfellows. To begin with there was division as to whether or not members should attend a welcoming party at Government House. Then there was a seething discontent over the appointments to the Chairs of the various committees. It is probably true to say that it was a party of all chiefs and no Indians. By January 1952 the Planter-controlled Press which feared any unity of the working classes began to sow seeds of dissension and embark on a policy of divide and rule. Joshua was singled out for unkind treatment while Charles and Slater were praised. During the next month the "Vincentian" editorialised "8 Army ship sinks rapidly." It was clear that all was not well in the ranks of the 8 army. Battle lines were assembling in two recognisable though not clearly distinct camps. Joshua, Julian Baynes, Slater with luke-warm support from Rudolph Baynes seemed to range on one side—they were affectionately known as the Big Four—while Young, Morgan, Charles and Tannis formed the other faction. The split could be seen from the voting pattern within the Legislative Council. The Big Four voted against Chess Gibbs' appointment as Assistant Administrator. In their farewell addresses to Administrator Coutts who was about to leave on vacation they declared their hope that he would not return. Late

in March 1952 they stormed out of the House on the ground that they were shut out from Administrative secrets. They voted unsuccessfully for a commission of enquiry to probe the financial state of Charles' union. It seemed as if the Big four constituted a radical element which could not see eye to eye with their conservative brothers who naturally enjoyed the support of the nominated members. Even the press objected to the defeat of the motion which called for the enquiry remarking that colour was lent to the rumour that the administration had bought over four of the elected members thus rendering the other four useless to the community. At a market-square meeting held at about this time Rudolph Baynes declared, "The last time we came before you there were eight of us up here with our tails on our backs, but tonight the other four have put their tails between their legs and run away."

From the wider political side it is necessary to treat more fully the union dispute which crystallized the split. Around February 1952 Joshua who was the Treasurer of Charles' Union let out that the coffers were \$5000.00 in the red. Charles set a date for a Market-place meeting at which he hoped to put his case before the public, but a clever Joshua moved ahead of him. Whether by design or not Joshua's microphone failed him and with his naked voice he talked himself into a semi-faint. The people were impressed and Charles was shouted down the following evening when he put in his appearance. Joshua's victory was further embellished when Charles and company voted out the motion requesting an investigation into the monetary affairs of the Union. This was a watershed in the political careers of both men and, indeed, marked a milestone in the political history of St. Vincent. Emboldened by the obvious demonstration of mass support Joshua formed a break-away union of his own, the Federated Industrial and Agricultural Workers' Union in April 1952. Julian Baynes was the first Vice-President. Later the People's Political Party was registered as the political arm of the Union.

In August 1952 Joshua was ousted from the Executive Council on a motion moved by Young and seconded by Clive Tannis with the backing of the nominated members. The Baynes' and Slater stood by Joshua. By the end of the month Joshua was reinstated since it was discovered that the motion did not command the two-thirds vote of the House which was necessary to carry it in this particular circumstance. By September for reasons which never seemed to have surfaced Joshua began to appear alone on political rostrums. In November in a speech at Chataubelair he attacked all seven elected members. In that same month Coutts returned to the island and was welcomed by all seven legislators, the two Baynes' and Slater included. Joshua was absent from the meeting. Things

continued in a state of flux all through 1953 the important event being the advent of Latham in place of Morgan. In April of the following year the aloneness of Joshua was emphasized when he was properly voted out of the Executive Council on a motion moved by Julian Baynes, on the ground that he was a subversive in contact with International Communism. 1954 was election year and the politicians began to gear themselves for the fray. At the May Day celebrations of the F.I.A.W.U. held at Victoria Park the chief Party functionaries present were Eb. Joshua, Joseph Joshua, Edmund Joachim and Herman Young. Young declared that he had cleared his conscience and was convinced that nothing but good could come about by his association with PPP activities. All members of the party signed an oath pledging fealty to the party. But as soon as he had entered the House on a PPP ticket Joachim disclaimed any PPP connections. He had been returned by a slim majority and Slater was challenging the seat. True to the political vagaries of the time Joshua now turned to support Slater but Young refused to throw in his lot with the Joshuaites who were a minority in the House. He left the PPP.

The 1954 election resembled its predecessor in many respects. The PPP was the only political team contesting. There was a whole battery of individuals comprising the more or less atomised members of the 8 Army, a few opportunistic Free Lance politicians, and a sprinkling of the old brigade who ran as dark horses. The main difference was the appearance of a party, the PPP, which presented a manifesto to the people for endorsement. The question now was whether the electorate would be disgusted by prospects of continued hodgepodge government and would usher in a new period of party Government. As it turned out the election revolved around a personality axis, independent of Party or political affiliation. All the outgoing members of the old council were returned, Slater after a bye-election and Clive Tannis by the slimmest of majorities. So it was that the 1956 Ministerial system caught St. Vincent politically flat-footed. There was not a political party to which Ministerial places could automatically fall, and no one could be sure who would be voted Ministers. The 1951 firm of Charles, Young and Tannis along with the newly converted Rudolph Baynes carried the day. Joshua and his lukewarm supporters Slater and Latham, along with neutralist Julian Baynes did not stand a chance. In the first ballot Rudolph Baynes was one of the two clear winners with 10 votes, indicating that he had extracted support from both factions, the old Big Four as well as from Charles' Camp. Young was the other first-round winner with seven votes. Tannis and Charles were returned in a second ballot after they had tied with Slater—6 votes each—in the first. It was a natural outcome of the vote that

O'NEILL'S IF

By O'NEILL KING.

If you can work
And still find time for leisure;
If you can earn
And still not be enslaved by treasure;
If you can serve
And still be your own master;
If you can stand
And dare to face disaster;
If you can pray
And in that prayer find Solace,
Knowledge, Wisdom, Guidance, Grace;
If you can keep your own flag flying!
And hold it up thru thick and thin,
You're fighting well my friend, you'll win.

If you can save
And still not be a miser;
If you can learn
And still yearn to become wiser;
If you can give
And be a modest giver;
If you can break Temptation's fatal spinner,
Smash her bowling and be winner;
If you can turn
To face the little fiends of Satan's train,
And fling Defiance back again;
If you can hold your head up high;
And shout your freedom to the sky.
My friend, you'll never need to sigh.

If you can talk
And not make talk mere chatter;
If you can praise
And not be prone to flatter;
If you can hurt
And let not tears be master;
If you can strive
And let failure only drive you faster;
If you can live
When Faith and Love and Hope
And Courage all seem gone;
If you can still hold on!
And face the firing line once more—
You'll live, my friend, to reach your score.

the non-Ministers who formed themselves into an informal Opposition would one day band together into a political party. Political circumstance thus forced Latham and Slater to join forces with Joshua. Julian Baynes joined the Labour Party instead.

The Labour Party was formed in 1955 under the leadership of a budding politician-lawyer, Milton Cato. Originally the party was frightfully middle-class in composition drafting into its ranks such professionals as Dr. Sutherland and barrister Rupert John, and salvaging such

old-timers as O.D. Brisbane, H.A. Davis and other big names which had featured in the Queen's Birthday Honours lists. To gain a platform in the House it also provided a sanctuary for Rudolph Baynes and offered in the first instance temporary shelter to the mercurial Mr. Young who soon left with Rupert John and George Charles to form a new party—The People's Liberal Movement. Thus it was that 3 Parties were prepared to fight the 1957 elections. Again, the personnel of the parties is important for it exposes the chaotic state of party politics. In North Windward for the first time in the island's political history a woman, Mrs. Ivy Joshua, was contesting a seat on a PPP ticket. Opposed to Mrs. Joshua was Edgie Richards of PLM who is today one of the PPP wheelhorses. In Central Windward Mr. Joshua stood against the man who brought him into Vincentian politics, and with whom he seems to have been reunited of late, George Hamilton Charles. The dismal defeat of Labour's Dr. Sutherland only emphasized the failure of the Middle-class to establish rapport with, and capture the emotions of the working people. In South Windward Latham, today in the Labour Party's executive, was the PPP man. In St. George's Julian Baynes ran as an Independent against Huggins of the Labour Party which he now supports, and against PPP's Flick Haynes who later defected to Labour, was expelled, and is anywhere right now. In Kingstown the PPP man was Stinson Campbell who was initially sponsored by a Youth Movement that succumbed to the blandishments of the PPP. In South Leeward Young and Cato, both leaders of the PLM and Labour Parties fought each other. Young was later to join the Labour Party, then the PPP. The PPP man for South Leeward in the 1957 election was George King who today gives Labour some background support. In North Leeward Slater who always seemed a bit sympathetic to Mr. Joshua's cause surprisingly ran as an Independent. Maurice Browne was the PPP's pick. Joachim now received Labour's backing and Gideon Providence who was later to go over to the PPP ran for the PLM. In the Grenadines Labourite Cyril Mitchell changed horses and entered the PPP fold, while Clive Tannis remained aloof from Party Politics. The results of the elections showed a convincing PPP win. The New Government comprised Ministers E. Joshua, Haynes, Campbell, Latham and Mrs. I. Joshua as the sole Government backbencher. The Opposition was constituted of Young (PLM) and Independents Slater and Clive Tannis. Labour went down with all aboard on its maiden voyage. Sam Slater joined the PPP.

In 1958 federal matters held the spotlight. Federal parties were being formed and the WIFLP was fairly lapping up the successful

Labour Parties which almost spanned the entire West Indian archipelago. The PPP applied, with Labour, for membership in that august body of so-called socialists, the W.I.F.L.P. This federal alliance was caught in a dilemma. The name "Joshua" featured in the bad books of the authorities in a number of islands from which he was banned entry. He was believed to be a communist. He had unashamedly protested the electrocution of the Rosenbergs and had openly supported Jagan and decried the 1968 suspension of the Guianese constitution; his F.I.A.W.U. was affiliated to the Red-controlled W.F.T.U. but the W.I.F.L.P. preoccupied with the assumption of power, could not afford to worry unduly with the moral aspect of a question if it might lead to defeat. It cared about interests, not friends. So the W.I.F.L.P. decided to temporize and wait for the election results. Joshua in a fit of pique reacted to the insulting W.I.F.L.P. slight by hurriedly joining forces with the non-socialist DLP, to rub shoulders in the uncongenial company of Albert Gomes and Bhadase Maraj, to fraternise with the sinnanan brothers who had doubled-crossed his political mentor, Uriah Butler, and to oppose Eric Williams to whom he had sent a congratulatory cable the previous year for having defeated that very element with which he now elected to mix. St. Vincent Labour Party which was led by Milton Cato, the brother of the political and personnel medical adviser to Grantley Adams, a King-pin in the federal organisation, was requested to merge with the PLM as a preliminary to eventual acceptance. Providence of the now defunct PLM however preferred to go over to the PPP. Lawyer John bowed off the political stage in disillusionment, Young and Charles became Labour members, while Richards after a brief flirtation with Labour joined PPP. At about this time C. Tannis went over to Labour to make the composition of the House 6-PPP (the original five electoral successes and Slater) and 2 Labour oppositionists, Young and Tannis.

A major crisis rocked the PPP to its very foundations around the time of the Federal Elections. Apparently there had been some tacit agreement that King and Browne, the defeated candidates of the previous General Election, were to be automatic choices for Federal candidacy. Later on, for one reason and another, the PPP top brass seemed to have been divided between Leroy Adams (formerly of the Youth Movement) and either Browne or Providence. But Joshua wanted Adams and Allen who were the final selection at a PPP Executive meeting which Browne, King and Latham deemed undemocratically conducted. Browne and King immediately resigned from the Party. Browne contested the election as an Independent with the covert backing of some high ranking PPP members (he topped the polls

in Latham's constituency). The Labour Party's federal candidates were two lawyers Milton Cato and Hudson Tannis. Two Independents also, contested, Norton Bess an unknown, and Eb. Duncan who forfeited strong claims to a place in the Senate by exposing himself to rejection at the polls. The two Senators nominated were E. A. C. Hughes and H. A. Davis, both tried and tested conservatives. Adams and Cato were returned to the Federal House but Cato lost his seat after he had violated a federal law by accepting pay from the Dominican Government whom he had served in a departmental enquiry. He was however victorious in a bye-election, trouncing PPP's Allen in six of the eight constituencies. Soon after the election the estranged Latham announced his defection to the Labour opposition and Slater was named Minister without Portfolio. At this point Young called on the PPP to resign claiming that that party had obviously lost the confidence of the people.

The 1958 PPP crisis carried over into the following year. A nephew of Joshua's and Secretary-General of the FIAWU, Leroy Commissiong, accused his Uncle of dictatorial ruling of the union. Campbell and other former members of the Youth Movement including Federal M.P. Leroy Adams and Town Board members Anderson and Davidson sided with Commissiong in the dispute and resigned on masses from the PPP. The various charges levelled against Joshua which were cumulative in effect were that his financial dealings with the union gave cause for doubt, that he had made a retrograde step by allying his party with the conservative DLP, that his bull-dozing tactics in foisting his personal election choices on Party Conferences were intolerable, and that his "illness" during the last campaigning was feigned and deliberately calculated to test the political strength of any potential rival. For his part Joshua declared that the charges were a rationalising smokescreen emitted by a cell within the party which was planning his overthrow but had been discovered and balked in time. A new union the National Workers Union, drawing heavily on the former Kingstown branch of the FIAWU was formed under Commissiong, Cummings and Barber as a prelude to the creation of a political party to be spearheaded by Campbell and Adams. But ideas about the party died still-born after its economic base—the union—literally went up in smoke with the cotton Ginney fire.

With the exit of Campbell from the Government Slater moved into the Ministry of Communications and Works. The composition of the House now read PPP-4, the Joshuas, Haynes and Slater the latter two of doubtful loyalty; Labour-3, C. Tannis, Young and Latham, and Independent Campbell. Joshua despaired of running a Government on so slim a majority

and efforts were made to woo Young back to the ruling party. Young, it would appear, agreed verbally to the terms proffered then in a humiliating rebuff in the Legislature he declined the Ministry without Portfolio which was the object of a Government sponsored motion. The "Vincentian" quoted Mr. Young as saying "that certain members from the Government had the audacity to come to his house to ask him to join with them. He thought it high time that such cheap politics should stop. . . . He said that for them to ask him to come in and save them was the biggest insult of his political career. . . . And summing up at the end of the Editorial the "Vincentian" reads, "Two things stand out as the result of the incident. It shows the Government that they had little remaining strength and it shows St. Vincent that Herman Fraser Young can neither be bought nor sold. Congratulations, Mr. Young." — Mrs. Joshua was then put into the fourth Ministry and the Government was left to nurse its wounds and worry over the future. The final showdown was not long in coming, ushered in by the 1960 advancement of the Constitution which allowed for a Chief Minister and the replacement of the Financial Secretary at Cabinet meetings by a political Minister of Finance. Labour's Tannis, exploiting a blood relationship, made overtures to Campbell to join a Labour Government which was apparently assured the support of the Nominated element. Campbell temporized allegedly demanding the Chief Ministership as his price. But Tannis as parliamentary leader of the opposition also had his eyes riveted on the highest political office. Things hung in the balance. Then like a bolt from the blue Tannis was seen on the Government backbenches, and Joshua was named the colony's first Chief Minister.

In 1961 another General Election took place in which the PPP was returned to power by a 6.3 margin although the popular vote told a different story. One of the defeated Labour Party candidates was veteran George Charles himself. The Government was made up of Joshua, Haynes, Allen, Slater, Clive Tannis and Mrs. Joshua, with Cato, Latham and Young sitting as the Labour Opposition. In November 1962 Haynes was persuaded to go over to the Labour opposition. Late in the next year and following a public enquiry into the P.W.D. Mrs. Joshua was discredited and removed from office. Cato and Young, the leader and deputy leader respectively of the Labour Party, appealed in person to Colonial Office for a dissolution and new elections without success. Joshua again enjoyed a hair-breadth majority and on this occasion he was able to persuade Young to rejoin the PPP. The position in the House then read PPP-6, Labour-3, exactly as it was after the election but with Haynes and Young switching places. Early in 1966 however, Haynes was expelled from the Labour Party because of his dubious loyalty and it is diffi-

cult to pinpoint his alignment at the present time. Apparently George Charles after a very chequered and nomadic political career has come back to roost in the fold of the PPP.

III.

The first factor which strikes the eye of any casual observer is the political intensity of present-day St. Vincent. In the light of what was said before regarding the protracted political suppression of the people this is not surprising. Precisely because they had been denied a place in the political process the people got themselves to believe that politics held the key to all problems and offered the panacea to every ill. And they were encouraged in this belief by some political aspirants who regarded the capture of the seat of government as the passport for acceptance on the higher rungs of the social ladder as well as by those who saw politics purely in terms of job opportunity and looked upon election campaigns as a veritable life-and-death struggle. Further, the face-to-face relations of our very intimate and compact society has led to the practical personalisation of politics. In this context one can understand the painstaking research which goes into the probing of family histories and private lives of election candidates. Feuds and quarrels as well as personality problem are hammered out and settled on political platforms when not in the Council Chamber. In this way a most vicious circle has been set up for the people, fed so long on the empty diatribe of irrelevant mudslinging, have acquired a taste for the sordid and the base. The net result is that anyone with pretensions to introducing a rationalistic and intellectual approach to St. Vincent's problems are more likely than not to be hounded out of the political arena, as indeed was the fate of "son" Mitchell when he threatened to launch a third Force and revolutionise politics. Mitchell has had to do some serious rethinking and pool resources with the Labour Party. And it is difficult to cut a part out of this barren political wilderness if only because of the paucity of talent in our midst. Teachers and Civil Servants are rigidly debarred from taking any active part. To the major business houses and commercial banks politics is dirty business, and the message has clearly been transmitted to their staff. This means that a few professionals Trade Unionists and political careerist share the field of politics along with a handful of professionals some of whom find it difficult to establish an affinity with the masses.

The traditional hostility between the Press and the PPP Government began way back in 1951 when, instead of sympathising with political advance and educating and informing, the Press stood as a cold prophet of doom in the face of changes it was powerless to stay. Indeed the "Vincentian" self-righteously greeted the early political crises in the tone of a "We

told-you-so" editorial, and called for an elector's association of the old, respected, conservative politicians who dominated in the days of pure Crown Colony rule and its several variants. With the liberalisation of the constitution it was symptomatic of the changing times that the self-made coloured businessman, Marksman, would be preferred on the nominated benches to a mulatto Planter enriched with inherited interests; and it is understandable that the PPP Government was adamant in its stand for a unicameral legislature in the new constitutional arrangements lest the established interests beat a glorious retreat and esconce themselves in the sanctuary of a Senate.

If we retrace our historical development we can easily account for some of the inter-party animosities and personality conflicts. The parties are based on no ideology or, in so far as they stand for anything, they stand for the same thing. Since one side cannot attack the other side's programme in as much as manifestoes all preach the same story, personalities are assailed. The country is a poor agricultural community divided between the small group of "haves" and a large undifferentiated mass of the "have nots." Since any serious-minded party must minister to the needs of this large category of working (and unworking) people all parties will necessarily use the same basic approach. And since the parties stand for more or less the same thing, and since gainful employment is so hard to come by, it is not surprising (though we might find it distasteful) to find men jumping from one side to the other to get a salary and, incidentally, to get something done for their constituency. For the national cake is so small that the Government in power always sees to it that their supporters are guaranteed at least a small slice.

This very real temptation to change sides is aggravated by the disproportionately strong bargaining power of the Individual. In our small legislature of 9 seats a single politician might easily hold the balance of power and can determine the composition of the Government. Campbell held such a position in 1959 when the PPP made overtures to Young. But Clive Tannis went over and tilted the balance in the Government's favour. In 1965 it was Young who went over to tip the scales once more on the side of the PPP. And if Slater had resigned with Haynes from the PPP in 1962 (as some folk were led to expect) the Government would have collapsed. The politicians are empowered to do these feats of political somersaulting because for the most part they are not indebted to the Party for their seats, though the results of the South Leeward constituency in the coming election may well prompt a revision of this statement. It is of more than passing interest to note that five members of the present legislature—Joshua, Young, Slater, Tannis and Latham have survived four elections

under varying labels. After the old 8 Army came tumbling down like the pack of cards it was, Mr. Joshua formed his PPP in whose saddle he has since remained unchallenged. Young went over to PPP in 1954, joined the Labour Party in 1955, departed to lead the PLM in 1957, merged it with the Labour Party in 1957, and defected to become a top brass in the ruling PPP in 1964. Slater has been fairly constant. After the short honeymoon with the 8 Army he remained an Independent until 1957 when he went over to the PPP to whom he has ever remained faithful. After the demise of the 8 Army Tannis also remained fiercely Independent until 1958 when he joined forces with Labour, only to go over to the PPP during the '59 political crisis. Mr. Latham, too, was an Independent member of the House who joined the PPP in 1956, quarrelled with the leadership, and enlisted in the ranks of the Labour Party in 1958. Added to these are George Charles and Afflick Haynes who also share colourful political careers. Charles led the 8 Army in 1951, ran as an Independent in 1954, contested under the PLM banner in 1957, ran on a Labour ticket in 1961, and appears to be a PPPite at the present time. Haynes, on the other hand, was an Independent in 1954, a member of the PPP from 1956-1962, a Labourite from 1962-1964, and seems to be a PPP supporter at the moment of writing.

There is a lot of talk in St. Vincent that the parties are divided on class lines. This is sheer nonsense. In terms of educational qualification, shade gradation, or economic indices, the country is about eighty per cent lower-class. And since both parties share the country evenly it is obvious that both are supported by a substantial portion of the working class. But it is true that the foundation membership of the Labour Party was dominated by middle-class folk, and though that party has come a very long way in terms of organising and winning support at the grass-root level it has never been completely absolved of its original sin. In any event it has been easy for its rival to capitalise on its leadership by a professional elite and project a bourgeois image on it. Equally, on the other hand, because politics in a country as poor as St. Vincent is a relatively costly business, even the supposedly lower-class party has had to compromise itself and seek support from certain middle-class business men who welcome the opportunity to exploit the political situation for their own economic ends. In any event the Planter class always looms in the background to hand out sufficient funds to either side to curry favour, safeguard their interests, and ensure that neither party has an overpowering mandate to effect any real radical scheme.

The most frightening thing about the artificial division of the followers of the two parties is that people living in squalor, suffering the

same stark hunger and economic distress, will tear each other to pieces and sacrifice each other on the altar of an ephemeral party difference. Trade Unions fighting for the same category of workers become hopelessly splintered and a fractured cooperative and credit union movement cannot get off ground floor because the people involved are blinded to their community of interest by this fictitious concept of different party orientation. All the while the vested interest in the community back-seat drive and play the parties off against each other like marionettes dangling on a thread. The trouble is that the reactionary element from which both parties derive their financial sustenance is able to force them away from the masses spiritually and get them to toe the line of the conservative interests. It is a tragic illustration of "who pays the piper calls the tune." In the meantime the parties in their frustration turn inward and engage in dirty in-fighting, character assassinate, and burn themselves up in hate accompanied by a studied evasion of the real issues that confront the

WEB OF STAGNATION

BY AL T. DAISY.

I live in a cloistered world
Where old men sit
And talk of days gone by;
And youth looks
Apprehensively at the future.
Dark

Foreboding ..
Future.

Filled with monotony.
I see them all
Sucked down
In the quick sand of stagnation.
Sooner

Or
Later.

Twenty years to come
And athletic youths
Would have gained life's prosperous pound
From incessant drinking
To while the time away.
Their tales
To the upcoming generation
Will be of the smut
That crowded their lives
The vices

Concupiscences
And lust.

society. With no clear objective in sight but at the whim of one of the major political actors mock political battles are staged with demonstrations, counter-demonstrations, placards and highly emotional speeches which drain away the energies of the people apparently to no end. When this phenomenon has been developed into a fine art—and it is fast becoming one—we will have reached a political blind-alley; there will be no move to effect social and economic reconstruction, but manifestoes will continue to parade all sorts of grandiose projects, and all sorts of glittering promises will be made (and believed) but the more things vary the more they will remain the same. Politics will still be of the gutter variety dominated by mudslinging, acts of naked treachery, corruption and posturing, and political life will continue to be fought in a veritable jungle. In Hobbesian language political life will be "poor, nasty, solitary, brutish," if not short. As it is now. Unless there chances some dramatic turn in the current trend of events.

And so
The vicious cycle turns
In never ending regularity,
As the young
Emulate their learned Elders
And
Outdo them
To become life's present heroes.
For there is naught else
To be done
In so confined a porkey place,
Where
Others' business is sweeter
Than the rampant sex
That flood the shores with illegitimacy
And the resultant pockets of delinquency
Will
Soon knit
To gain a respected place
In a decadent society.

Fathers ride their shame
In denials.
Mothers breed in forgetfulness.
Children suffer
Behind silent bars.
Respectability
Walks proudly in the daylight
Only
To don his black clothes
And prowl the white beds of lust.
And
Tomorrow becomes the same
As today —
As it was... Yesterday.

Is there no escape
Within my land of beauty?

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Sometime last year the patronising editor of a British newspaper, "The People", invaded our shores. He left us a Greek Gift in the form of a Milk Plant. In this short article Freddie Ballantyne examines the whole question of the deal the problem the plant was ostensibly intended to solve, its value as a prestige symbol, and the price the society has had to pay for it. Such an article is long overdue and we hope that it reaches a sufficiently wide audience, particularly Vincentians resident in the U.K. who have been the butt of much opprobrium since Helliwell called us cockroach-eaters.

HELLIWELL'S CONTRIBUTION TO ST. VINCENT

By FREDDIE BALLANTYNE

St. Vincent can now boast to the rest of the world that we too have a milk pasteurization plant. How we inherited this, the price we paid for it and, more important, who accepted it are questions which all Vincentian should try to answer.

There are certain glaring facts surrounding the acquisition of this "TROJAN HORSE" which should be brought to the notice of the people and it is my hope that I can here stimulate them to probe the matter a little further and decide for themselves whether the pasteurization plant is in itself an asset or a liability.

The problem all started when Arthur Helliwell, editor of a British newspaper "The People", wrote a series of articles entitled "Dare we let these children starve." In his articles Helliwell pictured us as a most uncivilized people, lazy and malnourished with an over-population of protein-deficient children whose only succulent meal was a dish of cockroaches. Furthermore he even suggested that weird diseases such as "island-tummy" are quite prevalent and represent a great danger to the life of any foreigner. Many Vincentians are not aware of these articles, and to me this represents a gross lack of foresight by our popular press, who chose to publish only a portion of one article. It is obvious from reading Helliwell's articles that his only interest was to promote sale of his newspaper. With the shocking headlines of cockroach-eaters, how could he fail to achieve his aim? St. Vincent was used as his scapegoat.

It was not in his interest to point out to his readers that "Island Tummy" was a common world-wide disease otherwise known as gastro-enteritis, and that indeed as one travels in the U.S. from one State to another there is a change in the bacterial flora of the gut which often causes diarrhea. In like manner Helliwell knew quite well that what he saw our children eating was a crustacean found in the

sea, a delicacy in itself which in fact has a high protein content. He did not write that this was called sea cock-roach and bears no relationship to the house roach. But as the unscrupulous reporter who depends on shock appeal he will misrepresent facts to increase his popularity regardless of what damage this may do to a whole society.

Let us not for a moment think that tourists will now willingly come to visit an island infected with weird diseases and with men flocking around a "stinking blackfish" as Helliwell paints it. Such an unhealthy atmosphere will certainly be a deterrent to anyone planning a visit to our island. But the danger of his articles goes further than the possible effect on our tourist trade. For he had dealt a severe scar on the West Indian image, a scar which will take numerous years to heal.

We should not for a moment forget that these articles appeared in the British Press at a time when race relationship in Britain was, to say the least, strained and that this type of material was exactly what one needed to justify irrational prejudices. Even as today it now suits some people to still think of the Africans as naked cannibals, in like manner it may even now suit some to think of us as colonies of "cock-roach eaters." These dramatic images such as Helliwell paints are not soon forgotten.

What was the outcome of all of this? Surprisingly enough very little was done. A few Vincentians protested, the "People" made a half hearted apology and in turn gave us a milk Pasteurization Plant. The apology turned out to be meaningless for, throughout the erection of the plant, Helliwell continued to write articles which served only to villify the Vincentian character. I was most surprised that his concluding article was not headlined, "How I singly handed hoodwinked a community."

However we inherited the Pasteurization Plant and herein lies a tragic tale. There are few things which I could think of that we needed less at this time. All Helliwell did in introducing Pasteurized milk to St. Vincent was to create a new status symbol, because pasteurized milk is not free and only the better-off families can afford this luxury.

It is noteworthy to mention that even in his brief stay here Helliwell was astute enough to note that there existed a marked distinction between the different classes of our society. He so well contrasted the Yorkshire pudding and roast beef dinner at a local hotel with the starving conditions of the young country children. Someone shrewd enough to contrast these two situations must also be smart enough to see that his gift will serve only to aggravate this situation.

Non-pasteurized milk costs ten cents per imperial pint. Pasteurized milk costs fifteen cents. Those who cannot afford nonpasteurized milk can hardly afford pasteurized milk. Furthermore the milk plant is now buying all

CATERPILLAR

BY ELSWORTH KEANE.

I wonder if
to die
is any of the things
they say it is
caterpillar
butterfly ...
And supposing all
that is of me pupa-prison
burst
would I
caterpillar
know myself in wings? ...

milk at eleven and a half cents per pint, which means that they are depriving the poor of their supply of cheap milk.

Let one again emphasize that pasteurized milk is not free. That the pasteurization plant does not furnish "the first fresh safe milk St. Vincent's undernourished babies have ever drunk." Helliwell and our Government should note that this same plant effectively robs these children of cheap milk and aggravates further our malnutrition problem. Furthermore it is my opinion that in an island sophisticated enough to have a milk pasteurization plant, it is deplorable that an infant's chances of survival are dependent on the economic status of the family. In this modern age one should treat life itself less cheaply.

Who accepted this Trojan Horse, should the public not know what is going on here, or are we still asleep? It is obvious to the most casual observer that from the outset Helliwell had no honest interest in trying to improve the standard of living in St. Vincent. One would also think that with this in view, any gift offered by him would have been viewed with a high degree of suspicion.

But as is customary in our island where there is a bankruptcy of leaders with any foresight, any foreigner can offer us anything and we will welcome it with open arms. In fact we will even give him a civic reception or, as Helliwell so aptly writes it, we will give him the freedom of the Island. Let us not for one moment fail to recognize that malnutrition is still a big problem in St. Vincent, that children die here because of the lack of food. Many Vincentians are not aware of this, many more do not consider this their problem. But as long as we live here and enjoy what this island has to offer, whatever happens to any islander is a problem for us all.

I will not be presumptuous to think that I have all the solutions to this problem, but this to me is a major one in our society, and one in which I think more voluntary organizations

should pay a great deal more interest. The Government can contribute by furnishing more social workers to help us dig out these problems early. They can remove the import duty from skim milk, a proposal previously suggested by the Medical Department but which has not yet been implemented. More important than this however is that there be some form of price control set up so that skim milk will not be sold for forty cents per lb. in Kingstown and fifty cents in the rural districts where the need is greater.

The Helliwell affair may be dead, but its ghost lives on in the form of the Pasteurization Plant. Let this same ghost serve to remind us that there is a problem of malnutrition in our midst, a problem which needs our immediate attention. And let us borrow from him his own explosive phrase "Dare we let these children starve."

EDITOR'S NOTE:

By the time that this issue of "Flambeau" reaches our readers the West Indies will be smack in the middle of yet another great Test Series against England. In "The Brisbane Revolution" Woodville Marshall tells us all about recent cricket development in the West Indies, and much more. The article, reprinted from the 1965 Dead Season issue of New World Quarterly, provides a rare treat for anyone with more than a sports-page acquaintance with the game, as well as produces a fascinating study for social commentators. This article is a "must" for all those who take their cricket or their society seriously, and want to probe beneath surface appearances to get to the deeper meaning of things.

GARY SOBERS AND THE BRISBANE REVOLUTION

By WOODVILLE MARSHALL.

The "Brisbane revolution" is a limited revolution. What has happen to cricket since 1960 -61 might be of some significance for the West Indian communities and for a section of West Indian cricket but it means little to the game in general. The West Indians (and Australians) were credited with having started a great cricket revival in 1960-61 which was continued in England in 1963. Throughout this period (1960-65) the West Indians not only played the "bright" and "exciting" cricket for which they have become famous, but they also played it with unprecedented distinction and success. They managed to produce clear-cut results in sixteen of their twenty Test matches; they won eleven of their Test Matches and three of their

four Test series; and wherever they have played they involved most of the spectators deeply in the game and in its outcome. Johnny Moyes's comment on the performance of the West Indians during their tour to Australia in 1960-61 is illuminating. "The impact they made on cricket in Australia was amazing," he wrote. "They turned the world upside down... they gave the genuine cricket lover a thrill he had not felt for a quarter of a century." Equally significant is Alan Ross' tribute to the West Indians after the tour of England in 1968: "Enriching the common idiom of the game, they restored to it not only spontaneity, but style." This was and is the "revolution" in action.

But few, if any, of the major cricketing countries have attempted in the last five years to catch the sparkle of the West Indies performance and example. Most Test matches (and nearly all English county matches) continue to be tedious games of attrition with clear-cut results laboriously achieved, if achieved at all. Mediocre seam bowlers on inadequately prepared pitches dominate the game, and spinners, particularly leg-spinners, are a luxury few teams can afford. (Even in the popular English one-day K.O. matches the spinners are often dropped from the county teams for these matches, and if they are selected they are used either as batsmen or as slow-medium seam bowlers). The batsmen, often mediocre in quality, appear even more pedestrian in performance because they fear to venture more. They too are infected by the seam bowling and "professional" psychology. Consequently, a definite result to a game (particularly a Test Match) is an exception and a relief and sometimes a national disaster. The spectator seems to have been forgotten although he is the necessary witness of this exercise in futility. All captains and managers of touring teams assiduously pay lip service to the god of "brighter cricket"; yet when not playing the West Indies, neither India, Pakistan, New Zealand, South Africa, England nor Australia manage to entertain the long suffering spectator or to terminate the depressingly long series of drawn games. Recently, Ken Barrington, the most successful English batsman in the past six years, spent over seven hours in compiling a century against a week New Zealand bowling attack apparently without being reprimanded by his captain. The English selectors, in a sudden and startling fit of memory of the bright promises easily given and callously tarnished, dropped Barrington "more in sorrow than in anger" for his pointless vigil. But if the selectors intended to be consistent or to be taken seriously they should also have dropped the captain for the following match. In addition, one wonders whether the selectors' new-found solicitude for the game and for the spectators would have operated at all if England had been involved in a Test Series against Australia, the West Indies or South Africa. In short, the "revolution" as far as the game in general is concerned,

remains an empty, pious promise made at the start of every cricket season and of every Test series which is occasionally and accidentally redeemed by the presence and genius of personalities like Dexter, Burge, R.G. Pollock or Trueman.

II.

The "revolution", then, is mainly a West Indian phenomenon. The change in West Indian cricket has been profound. The nature and extent of this change can be seen most easily in the success of West Indian cricket during the last five years. There has been more to this success than "brightness" and "exotic" flavour. In the first place, the West Indies has finally emerged as the leading cricket country. Ever since the tour to Australia in 1960-61 when, as Jack Fingleton says, the West Indies team won the "gold" of defeat but lost the silver of victory, the West Indies, in successively outclassing India, England and Australia, has demonstrated clearly that the potential for greatness which West Indian cricketers have always possessed in plenty but which has never been consistently realised has at last been translated into the world supremacy of the West Indies cricket team. The West Indies team has reached its pre-eminent position not because the other cricketing countries have grown weaker, but because the West Indies has become stronger. It is true that the West Indies team has managed to retain a nucleus of five or six brilliant players throughout the last five years, but the situation is no different from that of the 'fifties'. Yet no real comparison can be made between the performances of the West Indies teams of these two periods. It would seem that in the most recent period, unlike the earlier period, the West Indies team has become stronger mainly because the brilliant talents of the individual players are being fully exploited in the interest of the team.

Secondly, the West Indies, in the process of securing its cricket supremacy, has shown how a spectator sport in danger of death by tedium and spectators' lack of interest might be revitalised. The West Indian cricketers always seem aware of the responsibility of cricket and cricketers: the game exists to give pleasure and entertainment to players and spectators. Foreign commentators and spectators have been most impressed by this aspect of West Indian cricket. Johnny Moyes, an Australian Commentator on the West Indies visit to Australia in 1960-61, remarked that the crowds were brought back to the Australian cricket grounds because the West Indians played cricket both "as a game and an entertainment"; and the Australians' tumultuous and sentimental "au revoir" to the West Indian team as it left Melbourne in 1961 was doubtless the most thunderous demand for an encore ever heard or witnessed. George Duckworth, reviewing the West Indies visit to England in 1963, declared in Wisden that the West Indians' "sparkling batting, bowling and fielding"

forced "the whole nation to follow the progress of the Tests." Even Christine Keeler and Profumo were occasionally forgotten in that damp, gossip-laden summer when the West Indians entertained at Lords or the Oval. Alan Ross provides the most graceful comment on the impact of West Indian cricket on the English cricket public: "The West Indies were unquestionably the most entertaining side to have played in England in thirty years, and though they had, on green wickets, their weaknesses, that was at least part of their charm. They were never stingy with their gifts, they followed their individuals stars, and they provided, even as they gained, enormous pleasure." It is not surprising, therefore, that the M.C.C. should have altered its timetable of cricket tours so as to enable the English cricket public to see the West Indians again in 1966 rather than in 1970. (The only unfortunate consequence of this new arrangement is that the English spectators will see West Indians twice before the West Indian cricket public sees the English team).

Thirdly, the achievements of the West Indies cricket team have been marked by a new mental toughness, a sense of team unity and a resilience under pressure seldom observed in the past. This new quality in the performance of the team is the most significant new departure. The West Indies has often produced brilliant individual performers like Headley, Constantine, Chandler and John, but it has never produced until now a consistently outstanding team. Even in the 'fifties when the West-Indies could call on the W's, Stollmeyer Ramadhin and Valentine, Christiani, Gomez and Marshall, the success of the team never came near to matching the accumulated brilliance of the individual performers. This absence of team spirit and unity has provoked much comment in the past from foreign commentators in particular who might have consciously exaggerated the defect. To them, West Indian Cricketers were primarily a variant on the Black and White Minstrels; they were a "band of entertainers," volatile, unpredictable, excitable and exciting, almost childlike. Johnny Moyes thought that when the West Indies team arrived in Australia in 1960 it had "no idea of teamwork; no sense of cohesion." Despite the triumphant reputation of this criticism by West Indian performance in most of the subsequent Test matches, Phil Tressider, an Australian correspondent of the Playfair Cricket monthly, could still trot out the hoary myth for inspection at the start of the recent Test Series between West Indies and Australia. He said then that the Australians' "team spirit, resolve and competence", might well triumph over 'the most talented lineup of individuals.'

But despite the probable exaggeration in all these comments, it is fair to say that West Indian teams, until recently, were hopelessly divided mainly along social and insular lines. This partly explains the failure of the teams of the 'fifties which contained our greatest ever galaxy of stars. Frank Worrell, the most brilliant of these, found

the teams so full of "factions" that he could write of joining the "neutralist ranks" during the 1961-62 tour to Australia. (The neutralists were those who refused to offer advice to John Goddard who profited greatly in England in 1950 from the availability of such advice). Throughout the 'fifties West Indian cricket suffered from inept captaincy and slipshod administration; but, in addition, discord was bred in the teams by personal and insular rivalries and loyalties and by the self-centred determination of established players to protect their reputations and positions against the claims of the younger, promising members of the teams.

But since 1960-61, West Indian teams have found a sense of purposeful unity. This is due, in part, to the shrewd and sensible leadership of Frank Worrell. Worrell had always been aware of the glaring deficiencies of the West Indian teams; and after the humiliating experience of the 1957 tour to England, he realised that it was "clearly time for a new policy" which could exploit fully the potential of all players. His new policy, which he implemented on succeeding to the captaincy, was to give each touring player a fair opportunity to qualify for selection of the Test team; "there was no reason," he writes, "for us to establish a first team within the team for what were considered important matches, thereby giving the less experienced players an inferiority complex." The results of this wise decision and direction were and are dramatic. Johnny Moyes had to eat his words (and one hopes that Tressider will publicly follow suit) and he did this very cheerfully. By the time the first Test started at Brisbane, Moyes realised that there were "no divisions" in the West Indies team; "the spare parts came together to form a machine which could function efficiently under the guidance of a master mechanic."

Events at Brisbane (1960), at Lords and the Oval (1963) and at Bridgetown (1965) point to the continuous presence of the new maturity and team spirit. In all these instances, the West Indies Test Team not only recovered from apparently weak positions to draw or win, but also gained great glory for itself by the manner of recovery. In all these instances, there were brilliant individual performances, but the glory was won because the effort was as much a team effort as that of a Hall, a Kanhai, a Hunte or a Nurse. Clearly then, what was initiated with Worrell has not changed. The West Indies has won its way to cricket supremacy by a wise cultivation of the advantages of team unity. This was started with Worrell, and Sobers has already shown that he can exploit and perhaps add to the legacy of team work left him by Worrell.

III.

A new quality of leadership is thus obviously part of the explanation of the recent success of West Indies cricket. But this can hardly be the full explanation of the recent conquest of heights

which have often been tantalisingly missed in the past. Further questions must be asked and answered before the new situation becomes wholly comprehensible. How did the new leadership—the Worrell-Sobers axis—reach its position of leadership? Can it maintain its position? Why have the members of the team responded so quickly and wholeheartedly to the new policies of team selection and to the leadership of the captains? Is the new team unity wholly the creation of sane captaincy? If it is possible to offer an adequate answer to some of these questions then it will be possible both to talk rationally of a "revolution" and to expect the continued success of West Indian cricket. Some sort of answer is suggested by the presence and operation of certain socio-political factors.

Three interacting agencies of pressure might be isolated. In the first place, political events in the area during the last twenty years have affected the situation. The West Indies has been moving fitfully towards the appearance of democracy and this is reflected in trade union activity, universal adult suffrage, apparently mass-based political parties. The people—the underprivileged sector—are on the scene of politics even if they do not dominate it. It has become increasingly necessary for the social and political elite groups to offer the people the shadow if not the substance of power. Consequently, there has been a proliferation of symbols designed to damp down the frustrations of centuries. If politicians must appear to act for the people and to seem of the people, so too must the administrators of cricket which has a following perhaps larger and more devoted than any political party. In some ways, cricket has in the past anticipated social change in the West Indies; but since the recent political events seem to have outdistanced it, pressure is being applied on the administration of the game to reflect the changing political situation.

Secondly, there is the impressive and, to some extent, embarrassingly long list of achievements by numerous cricketers from the underprivileged sector of the community. These were (and are) the cricketers who did not possess a background in the aristocracy or in the upper reaches of the mercantile community; they had their origins in the coloured and Negro lower-middle and lower classes. The contribution that cricketers like George John, Wilton St Hill, Leslie Constantine, George Headley, Herman Griffith, Derek Sealley, Everton Weekes, Frank Worrell, Sonny Ramadhin and Alfred Valentine made to West Indian cricket during the last forty years needs no special emphasis. These men were West Indian cricketers—both locally and internationally. At the present time, West Indian cricket rests mainly on the shoulders of the same class of individual—Sobers, Hunte, Kanhai and Boucher, Griffith, Hall and Gibbs. Yet West Indian cricket administration and leadership positions have been (and, to some extent, still are) dominated by a small white and "high brown" oligarchy

which rules at Kingston Cricket Club, Queen's Park, Pickwick and G. C. C. and barely acknowledges the claims to leadership of the members of Melbourne, Maple, Spartan and D. C. C. and completely ignores those of the members of Boys' Town, Shannon, the Barbados Cricket League and Trans-port. This does not by any means exhaust the intricate social complexities of cricket; there are black and lower class clubs, black and coloured professional middle class clubs, off-white and poor white clubs, wealthy white clubs. There is also a degree of social mobility: a black player from a lower status club can enjoy a limited climb upwards as his success at cricket alters his social status. But this is the main outline of the reflection of the social situation in the game: the lower status clubs provide the bulk of players for the West Indian teams and most of the brilliant individual performers while the higher status clubs provide the captains and most of the personnel of the cricket Associations and Boards of Control. But, in the context of an apparently changing political scene, this situation would and did come in for open criticism.

The third agency of pressure then is the criticism which was mainly articulated by C. L. R. James. James has recognised the degree to which West Indian social history is involved with cricket and the great extent to which native cultural expression (particularly among West Indian males) exists only through participation in this game. He has recognised too, that the administration and leadership of a game which is of such crucial social and cultural importance should reflect the existence of the immanent social forces which give it its importance. James has expressed all this and much more in his *Beyond a Boundary*; and it was James again who, in many articles in the *Nation* during 1959 and 1960, argued powerfully for reform of cricket's administration, for the reinstatement of Gilchrist and for the appointment of Worrell as West Indies captain. James was the first apostle of the revolution. Operating as he did simultaneously in a mass political party context, James articulated and directed a popular resentment which was always likely to erupt in violence and which did erupt into violence at Bourda in 1954 and at Queen's Park in 1960. He said publicly (and in a political party's newspaper) what should have been said for more than a generation; he wrote what, because of an out-worn Boy Scout and Public School morality, had only been muttered on verandahs and in bars. It was James principally who had caused popular pressure to be applied with some success to the oligarchic structure of West Indian cricket administration.

The result of this combined pressure has been a more complete social breakthrough in terms of fuller popular participation in cricket on the field. For a long time now it has been possible for any talented cricketer to win selection on West Indian teams, but now it would seem that all members of the

West Indian communities as well as all the cricketers themselves can at last feel a sense of identification with the game because nearly all the socio-economic barriers to vertical mobility by players inside the game have been removed. One captain has been selected on the basis of his merit as a player. This innovation seems to have released the full energies and abilities of most of the cricketers; they are now performing for themselves as well as for the community because they have realised that a small, narrow-minded, self-perpetuating social oligarchy no longer completely dominates their cricket world. All of them have equal opportunity to win selection on the Test team; anyone of them could become its captain.

This represents a complete break (one hopes) with a past in which West Indian cricket administrators and selectors, in an attempt to circumvent the considerable claims of George Headley to the captaincy of the West Indies team in 1947, could create a farcical situation by appointing, before the series started, Goddard, Stollmeyer and Headley as the captains for the four matches! Similar examples abound: a mediocre cricketer like Dennis Atkinson was appointed captain in 1955; an ageing John Goddard was resurrected after his failures in Australia in 1952-53 to lead the team to England in 1957; a sadly inexperienced Cambridge Blue, F. C. Alexander, was predictably appointed captain between 1958 and 1960. In all these instances, the selectors ignored the considerable claims of Worrell and the lesser but still weighty claims of Walcott and Weekes; the traditional leadership and dominance of Kingston Cricket Club and Pickwick-Wanderers were maintained. In most of these instances; the remarkable potential possessed by the individual members of West Indians teams was frittered away by inept captaincy and by an absence of team spirit; and throughout the 'fifties such a policy repeated its rewards in the embarrassment and deep humiliation of West Indian cricket—both at home and abroad.

West Indian achievement in cricket over the last five years reflects the existence of a new situation. This is not to suggest that the presence of certain social or political factors can ensure success in any game. A game is by its very nature non-deterministic. Chance and the individual temperament affect performance and outcome to a significant degree. But outside these imponderables there are areas which can be developed by the application of skill in leadership, by rationality in team selection, and by self-conscious attempts to create team spirit. In these ways success in the game might not be ensured, but the chances of defeat and humiliation are reduced. What is new in West Indies cricket is that neither the team nor the West Indies cricket public expects defeat or frequent, total and inexplicable collapses—and, partly as a result, neither of these has occurred with any regularity in the last five years.

IV.

Worrell's belated appointment as captain in 1960 marks then the start of the "revolution"; and Sobers' succession to the leadership seems to consolidate it for, as C. L. R. James has written, he is "the first unambiguously native West Indian who has arrived at the exalted position." He is the most complete of cricketers; he is the most professional of cricketers. Sobers is in the long tradition of underprivileged West Indians who raised their own social status by conspicuous excellence at cricket. Therefore, it is particularly fitting that he should be available both to help in the consolidation and extension of the local limited revolution and to carry its exciting doctrines outside the West Indies. Sobers has neither inherited nor acquired any of the high-status social and economic advantages—no rich father, no high colour, no good school, no university degree. His total assets have been his ability at games, particularly at cricket, and his determination to rise to the top of this game. He has set himself over the last ten years to master most departments of the game. Starting his international career in 1954 as an orthodox slow left-arm bowler who could also bat, he developed his batting until he became the world's leading batsman in 1960. In the meantime, he decided to experiment with 'chinamen' and googlies, and later on he developed his talents as a medium-fast swing bowler. Today his mastery of all these arts is plain to see: a compelling batsman, a successful and dangerous swing and seam bowler, a deceptive spinner, a magnificent slip fieldsman who is peerless at leg-slip. He has played cricket for a living and for pleasure in most parts of the world; from the time of his early successes in the Barbados Cricket League when he was only fourteen, to his records in the Australia Sheffield Shield in 1963 and 1964 to his captaincy of the West Indies cricket team, cricket has been his life.

But he is no mere journey-man, no jack of all trades. He is no Barrington of dull utilitarian competence; he is both a professional and a genius. When he moves in the field or onto the field, the whole game sits up and takes notice; the master has arrived and, particularly when he is batting, every moment becomes charged with expectancy. He possesses, as Neville Cardus has discovered, "a rare store of genius" which has perhaps been most fully displayed since he has become captain of the West Indies team. E. W. Swanton caught a glimpse of that genius during the recent Test match at Bourda. He writes in *THE CRICKETER*: "One's abiding memory of this game will be of Sobers—batting, with an almost arrogant freedom, bowling fast, bowling chinamen, bowling orthodox slow, picking up slick catches near the bat, giving his side in the field a general example that they vied with one another in following, directing the whole effort, and all the time looking every inch what he is, the most marvellous natural cricketer in the world". One can only add to this that his considerable technical skills, his

fair for the whole game and his ability to take and hold command make him better equipped and qualified than any other cricketer to keep West Indian cricket supreme and to throw down the challenge (in the title and content of his recent book) CRICKET ADVANCE! The only regret is a selfish one. The art of batting has lost a rare adornment if Sobers has decided, as he seems to have decided, to call himself an all-rounder and bat at number six. Perhaps such a decision means that Sobers becomes more valuable to the team; but we will all miss the aesthetic thrill of his easy arrogant dominance of the bowlers.

V

Finally, one must note the limited nature of the local revolution. Cricket needs further democratization in the West Indies. Players (and spectators) might feel more fully identified with what happens on the field, but the game off the field is still largely dominated by the old narrow oligarchies. If West Indian cricket is to realize its full potential the administration of the game must be reformed so as to ensure that the wisest cricket heads share in the administration of the game and that all sectors of the community receive the material and psychological encouragement to put their fullest into the game. Our administration has never served West Indian cricket well. The errors committed in selection of teams and captains have been compounded by a refusal to ensure the provision of the best possible facilities for the development of the game in rural areas and in the smaller cricketing territories. The administration has shown an embarrassing tendency to put accumulation of cash before general improvement of the game. Mostly recently, the West Indian cricket Board of Control's criminal short-sightedness nearly jeopardised the chances of our team's success against Australia. No provision was made for a series of team practice matches before the arrival of the Australians even though the members of the West Indian team had not played together for eighteen months; it is clear, therefore, that until the power of the oligarchical group in the administration of West Indian cricket is completely broken, the revolution cannot be regarded as complete. The enemy might have been driven from the field, but vigilance must still be exercised by social commentators and by the cricketers themselves to ensure that he does not merely retreat, in fairly good order, into the fastnesses of the committee rooms and exclusive clubs.

For this reason, Sobers and the other young cricketers now rising to the fore of West Indian cricket have a special responsibility in the game and in the community. The enemy is wily; he might choke off the opposition in an elitist embrace by granting some of its leaders limited access to higher ranks and exclusive clubs.

This will amount to subversion. The manoeuvre can only be countered by a thorough-going public discussion of the social issues involved in the game and mainly by a consistent refusal by our leading players from the underprivileged sector of the community to accept the pressing invitations to join and play for Queen's Park or Kingston Cricket Club. It must be admitted that some sacrifice of the social amenities in the first class game might have to be endured with such a refusal; but it would appear that such a sacrifice is not too great a one to make in order to deny the tottering oligarchic structure the new props it needs to prevent it from falling. Frank Worrell's decision to play for Boys' Town on his return from England was apparently made in this spirit; and all those other cricketers who have enjoyed social and material success as a result of their outstanding merit as cricketers should recognise the absolute necessity for taking and abiding by similar tough decisions.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION AND ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT.

BY LEO LEWIS.

I would like to begin with a rough, working definition of Technical Education. For our purpose we can say that by Technical Education we mean (1) systematic instruction and training in some particular art, science or handicraft or in the mechanical arts and (2) the knowledge and skill resulting from such instruction and training. The term is often used in a slightly more restricted sense, especially in certain highly industrialized communities, to mean that type of education that is specifically geared to prepare students for work in industry. However, in St. Vincent, much of our efforts in the teaching of home economics, woodwork, metalwork, technical drawing, auto mechanics and building construction can be classified as Technical Education. It must also be stressed that it is through some form of Technical Education that a country is provided with skilled and semi-skilled workers.

Since we are concerned here not only with what is Technical Education but must also consider how it relates to economic development, it becomes necessary to make even an amateurish entry into the field of economics. People speak of "The Natural Economy" which means that man must work to live. This is quite fundamental and seems no less the concern of the teacher than the economist. If on the school curriculum we include subjects in which adolescents can see some relevance to the life they

are soon to lead as adults; if we can help through these subjects to develop in pupils an attitude of mind that will make them want to do things and to do them well, we should be helping them to understand and appreciate the fact that when they go out into the world they will have to work to live. If we provide opportunities for pupils to discover their potentialities - their special abilities, if you like, and later we organise courses to give specific training in various technical fields so that persons with the necessary ability can take advantage and equip themselves to take up the better paid job which from time to time becomes available, we would be making some contribution to economic development. The argument here is that if the people with special abilities receive training that fits them for better paid jobs than they could obtain had they not received such training, such people will be able to enjoy a higher standard of living; and if the standard of living of some people improves, the general standard automatically improves. This helps to explain what Technical Education attempts to do through "the distribution of skill." The extent to which it is being done in St. Vincent is a matter for discussion.

Since we have actually begun to provide facilities for doing some form of technical training, we can boast of having gone beyond the stage of merely talking of what Technical Education can or cannot do. What we need to do, however, is to make an appraisal of the programme of Technical Education over, let us say, the past five years (During this period the first ever male teachers to receive some form of technical training abroad returned home to do pioneer work in this branch of education; and the U.S. AID programme made possible the establishment of the Technical Wing of the St. Vincent Boys' Grammar School). We need to discover what contribution such a programme has made or is making towards economic progress in the island, though I hasten to state that any educational programme should be regarded as a long-term investment, and we must not expect coin-in-the-slot results. Nonetheless, people involved in Technical Education need to develop a critical awareness of what is going on in their field, if only to see whether we are following the correct path and that our work is purposeful.

Broadly speaking, there are two stages at which Technical Education is offered in St. Vincent. The first stage caters for children of secondary school age and is treated as a regular subject in a more or less comprehensive curriculum. The objective here should be to provide (and I quote from the Newsome Report) "experiences which are worthwhile in themselves as activities which can recognizably be related to real life." It seems unwise to make claims for certain subjects over others but it is claimed

that the technical subjects, by their practical nature, "give training in accuracy and in planning a job in advance and a sense of standards."

The inclusion of these subjects on the curriculum enables some pupils to discover their special aptitudes and to choose more wisely the career in which they can make a success. When these pupils leave school, they are not equipped to fill places in the technical field. Those who desire to work in this field must undergo further training.

It is not easy to assess in straightforward economic terms the special value of the technical subjects at this earlier stage. This is probably why I was once asked what impact I thought training in woodwork was making on the community. My reply was that during the vacation all the school craft rooms on the mainland were a beehive of activity. We know that some teachers and pupils employ the skill they are developing to make articles for themselves. The fact that more and more people are learning to help themselves and to rely on their own initiative must be of some economic significance. Parents demonstrate their interest in this aspect of education by giving the children the necessary money to buy small amounts of materials, ironmongery, electrical fittings and so forth, when these are required for particular projects. I was also once asked what kind of things the pupils made and whether the finished product was sold. When I answered that the articles were not usually sold, the usefulness of the training was questioned. We do not ask what is the use of, say, teaching geography if pupils are not preparing for a world tour or planning to become navigators or astronauts! If pupils learn to make a few small articles that are useful in the home or to them personally, and learn to be critical about designs and quality, they should at least begin to understand that outside of school some people must produce things for themselves or for sale. They can begin to appreciate why products must be of good quality. They should by then begin to relate their work to job opportunities. It can be seen, then, that the chief value of Technical Education at this level lies in its relevance to adult life and in the orientation it gives to the pupils.

The other stage of Technical Education deals with the instruction and training of persons beyond secondary school age and comes under the broad heading of Further Education. We assume that persons who take advantage of this type of instruction and training offered at this level have a fairly clear picture in their mind of the work they would like to do for a living. Here in St. Vincent, adult classes have been organised for persons above the age of nineteen years. Courses in Auto-mechanics, Technical Drawing and Building Construction are offered at the Technical Wing of the Grammar School.

usually at night. It must be noted that the emphasis here is on specialization. In a planned society the bulk of skilled and semi-skilled workers will be drawn from institutions of this kind.

To give a clear picture of how many persons can benefit directly from Technical Education offered in government-run and government-aided institutions, I shall now present some figures:—

FIGURES FOR 1966

No. of Places for pupils in Elementary Schools.

Boys doing Woodwork and Elementary Technical Drawing	450
Girls doing Home Economics	450

No. of Places for pupils in Secondary Schools.

Boys doing Woodwork, Metalwork and Technical Drawing	225
Girls doing Home Economics	120

No. of Places in Adult Classes

Men doing Technical Drawing, Auto-mechanics and Building Construction	54
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The above figures show that over 1,200 pupils receive instruction in technical subjects at the stage where their education is meant to be general, and that 54 receive training at the higher level. In the adult classes, priority is given to persons who are already employed in the technical field and wish to improve their knowledge and skill.

Lest the questioning mind enquires as to whether people suddenly develop special abilities for technical and practical work at the age of 19 and not earlier, let me explain that the shortage of specialist teachers to take care of this type of education limits the number of pupils that can be accommodated. Even so, one cannot help thinking that the number of skilled workers forthcoming through this channel seems quite small. One wonders what impact these can make on the technical field and whether the overall economic benefits can be very great.

The big question is, how many skilled and semi-skilled workers do we need? I suspect that if Technical Education is to play a vital role in the economic development of a backward country (and ours must be classified as backward), it must be done on a sufficiently large

scale to supply the number of trained workers required. Economist and Educationist F. H. Spencer throws some light in this direction: "To be a skilled worker requires more intelligence...than the unskilled occupation.... The supply of skilled workers is therefore limited." Widespread provision of technical training free of charge makes training cheaper and more widespread and tends to equalize earnings between different classes of workers. Hence we get the statement that free (or cheap) provision of education by the state tends to bring into being the competition of the mass of people with the middle classes. This enables a number of intelligent people to get into suitable occupations they would otherwise never enter, and, in fact, raises the general level of knowledge and skill."

Here we note two things: (1) That people must have the necessary ability to take advantage of technical training and (2) that training is to be free or cheap if it is to benefit a large number of people with special ability, regardless of class.

I had hinted earlier that we think in terms of producing skilled as well as semi-skilled workers. Let me now pose one question: Can the brighter boys leaving elementary schools benefit from technical training at this stage? My opinion is that they can and that the provision of opportunities for them is an urgent matter. If they cannot assimilate the heavier dose that produces the skilled man, then let them have the lighter one that prepares the semi-skilled.

The shortage of teachers with the necessary qualification to carry out this programme poses a formidable problem, and one wonders why teachers of technical subjects are never among the volunteers who, through various schemes organized in the U.S.A., Canada and the United Kingdom, come to strengthen our teaching force.

Three male teachers now employed had some form of technical training overseas. One more is expected to complete such training this year and 3 others are likely to leave shortly for training. Male teachers attending the Teachers' Training College receive instruction in Woodwork and Elementary Technical Drawing, so that some of them can assist in carrying out the work. Five female teachers have had training in Practical (if not always Technical) Education. One new candidate is likely to leave this year to receive such training overseas. The female students attending the Teachers' College receive instruction in Home Economics.

The recruitment of teachers for Technical Education must be given careful consideration. Bernard Shaw's famous saying that "who can does, who can't teaches, and who can do neither of these writes books," must not apply in this

(Continued on page 19)

WAVELENGTHS

BY J. F. MITCHELL

Encountering the vision of the adventurers
Out of whose concern emerged
Ourselves the possibility
I probed the myth.
Amidst vague variations was fused
This formless identity
No less precise in real terms
Than the rigid faiths
Of other lands and their own myths.
I am not disturbed by imprecision;
No aimless groping mine
With mankind our meristem.

Without anxiety about meaning
The idea of an island
Hardly matures
On the persuasive nutrient of its conception.
Yet the imagination does not shrink
From over-exposure
On the other hand, expansiveness proclaims
The scattering of illusions;
And among the strewn mass
Is revealed the identity
Of a thousand little men.

Little men do not shrink from themselves.
Indeed I've heard their history
Labelled in the age of molluscs,
Who dares extend the boast
That no great distance lies
Between cyst and ornate eistern?
I prefer my vulnerable endoskeleton
And its impressioned flesh
So full of the fantasies
That restored the very idea
Of my beginning.
For I was born derisive ejaculation
Of the Old World in the New.

Europe conceived much of my soul
And cast it within many a pilgrimage.
The perceptive ghost of any old adventurer shudders
Witnessing the twentieth century convulsing
In a new synthetic orgy never dreamt
Before our honesty.
So I hitch-hiked in crude whiteness
About the Rhineland
Collecting scraps
Trying to assimilate my conception.
"Why did you come?" they asked.
"To feed my imagination." I replied.
"When do you go?" they asked.
"As soon as I have overcome
Your misconception of my roots."

A simply flushed organ
Will not explain away
The spectrum of our islands.
Each culture in this world
Needs only probe its chromosomes
To find in us reflection.
Fascist arrogance was not lost down here
Nor the redundant dialectic.
We sink or float
And cry or sing
Bored or brilliant on occasion.
For in a world reaching beyond confinement
We have the head start of the chameleon.
Not for us now
Any gesture of purity.
Such pleas for retrogression waste our time
Still, isolated genes link in our memory.
The relevance of our real extremes
Does not mean
Enshrined wavelengths,
Exclusive dignity,
Or ecstasy defined.

I will not beg to be forgiven when
The language of my optimism
Sighs not from sad frustration.
Painful news of unwanted days
And the prospect of a dejected lifetime
Yet declare upon my harrowed consciousness
The emptiness I presented;
The vision now exacting as the streaming eye.
Crisp wind in winter!
Even so I voyaged then
You'll voyage later
You, of course, who have the appetite.
And as your mind explores your body
Pray heaven there is prosperity
In the Caribbean.
If not all is lost
For you and the free spirit.
This planet will not find another opportunity
To experiment
As in our races.
Shallowness here
Means satire everywhere
And cynicism in palaces.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION

(Continued from page 18)

situation. Here we need people who can to do and to teach. Standing before a class and "shooting" technical jargon can sound quite impressive, but for the technical lesson to be effective it is often necessary for the teacher to demonstrate the correct method of carrying

out a particular process, and achieve good results to confirm the correctness and practicality of the method.

The contribution of citizens who have lived abroad and gained knowledge in the technical field must not be overlooked. A few of them begin what can be termed minor industries and take on apprentices. We now see in our shops locally made metal furniture and gates, wooden windows and doors that are being mass produced for the local market. One or two small items made locally are beginning to appear on shelves in gift shops alongside imported ones—a point to nudge the Tourist Board in the ribs. These examples are enough to strengthen my next point: that if more people receive technical training, more people will earn better wages and begin to demand more of the finer things in life. This will encourage investors who see the demand for certain products and a guaranteed market. In this sense, therefore, development of one nature tends to encourage other development.

There are many subtle ways in which technical training can help to contribute to economic development. The trained mind makes for logical thinking, the ability to plan, to save time and energy and, indirectly, to save money.

For those fortunate, technically minded persons who are able to interpret economic gain in other than monetary values, one special word must be said. Many such persons often seek technical knowledge with the hope of being able to make good use of their leisure hours by tackling practical problems mainly for the sense of achievement and personal satisfaction that seldom fail to come with the tangible results. I refer specifically to the do-it-yourself enthusiast and the handman to whom the pleasures derived from making certain objects mean more than the money which may (quite likely may not) be saved by not having to buy such objects ready-made.

We observe here that Technical Education can help to persuade some people to take pride in local efforts and escape the brain washing which, over the years, have taught us to accept without questioning the fallacy that imported products must forever be superior to any that can be locally produced. Perhaps the greatest contribution that a programme of Technical Education can make to our economic development is the obliteration of this kind of thinking.

Today we tend to take our professional men for granted. In our subconscious mind we give the laurels to the boys who produce electric gadgets, machines and complicated equipment, and the clever little articles designed especially for the housewife, small wonder this, for we are living in a technological age. But these boys do not exist in our country. They hail from Japan, Europe, the U.S.A. and such places. It would be heartening to find a few humble ones springing up from our soil.

Many more questions arise out of this topic than I could hope to deal with. Let me mention a few without endeavouring to answer them myself.

Do we see any danger of over-producing skilled and semi-skilled workers? Does our agricultural community offer much promise that the technically trained will be readily absorbed? In educational planning, must we take into consideration the fact that many people migrate to countries that are highly industrialized, and so offer widescale, basic technical training that may serve the migrants in good stead? And now to touch down on home base, we hear rumours of "The Ottley Hall Development Project." Should this come through, do we have nearly enough skilled workers to fill the many jobs that will become available, or do we again have to be content to see the best jobs snatched from right under our nose by foreign personnel?

In dealing with the topic, not only have I attempted to show the contribution that Technical Education can make to economic development in St. Vincent, I have deliberately wandered off course to point out our efforts in this direction. Let us hope that enough interest in the subject has been awakened to warrant closer study.

THE SEE-ER MAN

BY F. W. DOWERS

"Cephas muss married to me!" Jestina said to Rebecca, as she pounded the rough top of the dresser with clenched fist to emphasize the word 'muss'. "Eh Heh" agreed Rebecca wiping her watery eyes with the tail of her cheap print dress. The little lean-to which serves her as a kitchen was filled with smoke from the wood fire on which Rebecca was cooking her midday meal, and, with Jestina leaning in the door-way, there was no escape for the smoke which billowed up to the roof then circled the cramped space.

"Yo mean to tell me after me dun ha four pickney fo da negger man he warn fo leff me fo married da nutten-tarl Theresa?" cried Jestina tears oozing from the corners of her eyes. "An come see the Theresa nuh" said Rebecca, as she dropped in little balls of dough in the ten-pound butter tin which served her as a pot. "She ha she ten commandments pan de ground and she head picky, picky."

"Becca" said Jestina, "me na ah leff um so, if Cephas married anybody, it have to be me." "Tomorrow marning self, me gwine to missa Young up de office and tell him de whole hag." She paused, then asked: "But Becca, mek yo ah mek dem dumplin so small?" "Ah so Gerald like dem," replied Rebecca, "member he na ha

no teeth nuh so he cant cha dem." "But why yo gwine to missa Young fa, he cant do nuttin to help you," said Rebecca. "Way yo ah say!" replied Jestina, "member he ah de man who does mek dem vagabun mek dem mine dey pickney when dey disown um." "Mek dem mine pickney wah! Cheups! yo think sixty cents ah month could mine pickney nuh?" "Look the larse one me ha dey fo Gerald ah nam arrowroot like a mill, sixty cents could only buy starch fo he fo five days," Rebecca told her, a tinge of annoyance creeping into her voice.

"Anyway Becca," continued Jestina, "disting aint good enough, is advantage, and me muss tell somebody. Me tink missa Young is de best man." Before replying, Rebecca fished one of the dumplings from the blackened tin, she held it out in a rusty spoon to Jestina. "Tase dis ya see if ye gat nuff salt." Jestina took the dumplin in her fingers and bit it. "O gard, ee hat like fire, but ye salt enough," she told her friend. "Dem cook nuff too?" queried Rebecca. "Yes, yo could tek arf de pat now," advised Jestina. "Jestina," Rebecca's voice was low and confiding, "me an you is fren lang time now. I tink what Cephas want to do you is rang. Wait ley me share out Gerald and dem food, den we gwine go in the house and tark." "Awright" agreed Jestina, "ah gwine wait," she remained at the door looking in.

Rebecca took down four enamel bowls and a calabash from the dresser, she dried them with the hem of her dress, then blew away any remaining dust with her breath. With a damp piece of crocus bag she lifted the butter tin from the fire and placed it near the fireside. Taking up the calabash first, she approached the tin. "Ah who fa own you ah put in de calabash?" asked Jestina suddenly. "Dis ah Gerald own, he say the calabash does mek the bile-eeen sarce tase better" answered Rebecca. After dishing out the contents of the tin into the five containers, she placed them on the dresser to cool, she came from the kitchen, closed the shaky, illbuilt door, then put a bit of stick to keep the hasp onto the staple. "Come" she told Jestina as she led the way into the house. Jestina sat on the small bench near the setee. Rebecca, her plump body almost filling up the rest of the space in the one-room building, sat facing her on the setee.

"Han some water dey gee me," Rebecca said to Jestina who poured a drink from the yabba goblet which was on a table near to her. She handed the half filled tin cup to Rebecca, asking "This nuff". Rebecca took the cup and drank the contents without answering. She belched loudly, then handed the empty cup back to Jestina. Addressing Jestina, she said: "now, I is a older woman than you, I doan love ugly, what Cephas doing to you is wrong. He can't leave you to married to Theresa, you agree?" Jestina nodded her consent. "Yo have any money put up" enquired Rebecca, "yes, ah has

ten dallars and twenty six cents in the penny bank, boasted Jestina. "Good" said Rebecca, "now from six o'clock tomorrow morning, you start reading the 109 psalm. Read it three times ah day, then, on Saturday marning, you get a white fowl cack and five dallars and go up Montabella to see Copperhead," she paused for questioning. "What to do when ah go?" asked Jestina, "nuttin, just gee he the money and the fowl, and tell him all yo trouble," instructed Rebecca. "But yo tink he any good?" asked Jestina sounding somewhat unsure. "Jestina, if when yo see Copperhead and he gee yo the magnoon to see Cephas and Cephas na married yo nine days after, ah dead!" assured Rebecca.

Jestina thanked her for the advice and left. Saturday morning dawned gloomily, but Jestina arose early, made the children's tea, then dressed herself for the trip. She took the five dollar bill from the powder tin under her pillow, then she untied the white cock from the post under her house. By seven o'clock, she was on her way to see Copperhead, the famous obeh man who lived at Montabella. Jestina made the five mile trip in good time. Ten minutes after eight found her at the foot of the half-mile long hill atop which the aging Copperhead lived with his wife.

As she approached the house which was entirely fenced around with red painted flattened cement drums, a chill feeling clutched her racing heart. When she pushed the closed gate and the bell which was nailed on the inside began clanging, she froze in her tracks with fear. Meanwhile in the yard behind the gate confusion had started. The two dogs, chained to their kennels were barking loudly, the ducks were quacking and the two hundred frightened white chickens were fluttering and cackling with excitement. Copperhead's wife peered over the gate, then admitted her without question after she noticed the white fowl she had clutched under her arm. She led her into the gloomy looking living room and directed her to an old upholstered chair near to one of the red curtained closed windows. She took the fowl from her and set it loose in the yard, saying: "Shoo, gwarn go eat corn." Copperhead emerged from a room dressed in white, with a white cork hat resting on his balding head. He was a big man, with a greying moutache and beard. His two red eyes bulged a good half-of-an-inch out of their sockets.

"Howdy me pet" he greeted her, taking her hand into an enormous rough paw, and shaking it convulsively. "I jus gwine feed up the goats, the missus will chat with you till I come back" he told her, then disappeared through the open door. Jestina did not see the knowing wink he gave his wife as he left the room.

Cooperhead's wife now began to question her adroitly. Her name, her age, any children, her address, whether she was married or not. Jestina answered each question in full detail, not realising that her answers were being heard by

Copperhead through the piece of inch pipe he had running from the whole under her chair to the position where he lay on the crocus bag under the house. After listening for fifteen minutes, Copperhead was satisfied with the information he had of this new client. He got up, folded the crocus bag and came from under the house. He went to the front, walked a distance of about forty yards, then turned and began whistling loudly. He walked towards the front door still whistling and entered the room. He led Jestina to a closed door, told her to turn her back, count to ten before she entered backwards. Meanwhile Copperhead himself had entered the room backwards, and the door closed. Jestina who could not read or write, far less to count to ten, waited outside for a period she estimated would take anyone to count to that number. Actually, she waited for five minutes, then, with heart pounding and perspiration coming freely from her pores, she entered the room as directed. The spring behind the door slammed it shut and Jestina found herself alone in a room with the great Copperhead. Still wearing the cork hat with a black gown over his clothes, Copperhead sat upon a small table in the middle of the room with his legs crossed in front of him in Indian fashion. Before him, an enamel bowl of incense burned, the smoke spiralling up to the roof. In the four corners of the room, two different coloured candles burned, but what scared Jestina most was the black-painted human skull which dangled from the roof on a white string with two red candles burning in the eye sockets. The walls of the green painted room were decorated with dried bats, lizards and frogs pinned thereto. "Come before me" drawled Copperhead, staring straight into Jestina's eyes. Jestina approached him shakily. "Fear not" he commanded her sensing her fright. Copperhead took her left hand into his and observed her palm seriously, he shook his head as though pitying what he saw revealed there. He expertly shuffled the pack of cards lying on the table, then told her to cut the pack. Jestina obeyed. Opening the big black bible, Copperhead read the 109th psalm. His lips barely moved but his pronunciations were bad. He replaced the bible on the table and again took her left hand into his and began to read her life history, to the wide-eyed amazement of Jestina.

"Your name is Jestina Hazlewood", he told her, "and you has four children, ah lie?" Jestina shook her head negatively. "There is a man in your life, Cephas McGuire, aint it?" Jestina, too impressed to answer nodded her head. "Cephas now have another oman, Theresa by name" continued Copperhead, again Jestina nodded. "Cephas now want to married Theresa, aint it?" asked Copperhead. "Yes shouted Jestina, suddenly finding her voice, as tears ran down her cheeks. "Poor you pet" soothed

Copperhead. "but me will fix you up" he boasted. "You has the offering" he asked her. "Yes" answered Jestina producing the five dollar bill out of her brassiere. Copperhead took out a small calabash from the huge pocket in his black gown and held it out to Jestina who dropped the money into it. Copperhead covered it with the pack of cards. Climbing down from the table now, Copperhead went over to a small cupboard and opened the door. He took out a white vial and then set about preparing a mixture from ingredients he had in the cupboard. First into the vial went half an ounce of red lavender, then one ounce of asifetida solution, next came the juice of a ripe lime, a little quick silver, some fir from a dried bat, two lizard tails, then the tongue of a toad. To this concoction he added water from a howley to fill the vial just below the neck, then he shook the mixture vigorously till it bubbled and foamed. He held up the bottle to the light, then shook his head as if satisfied that the ingredients were well blended. He beckoned to Jestina.

Copperhead now strained the mixture in the tail of Jestina's soiled cotton petticoat, and poured it back from the calabash into the vial. "Take this" he instructed her "and rub yo face three times a day just after yo eat. When three days finish, take the rest and wet a handkerchief, go by a cross road way yo know Cephas does pass, when yo see him coming, say the alphabeth backwards, and throw the kerchief in he face when he reach yo. Nine days after, if yo aint name Mistress Cephas McGuire, well, me na name Copperhead." He handed the vial to Jestina who grabbed it gladly. She wrapped it in the piece of brown paper she had brought for the purpose, thanked him, then left.

As Jestina descended the hill, she no longer felt frightened. Her thoughts were on reaching home to begin application of the mixture. She even had imaginations of herself walking up the aisle with Cephas at her side while the guests looked on admiringly. Jestina paid no attention to the two speeding cars which passed her, wheels screeching as they took the curb in the road. It was not until she caught up with the two women on their way to the market a while later, and caught snatches of their conversation, did she realise what had happened. The woman with the bamboo basket filled with breadfruit on her head was saying to her companion: "An me hear he gee she four picknee before he leff she fo the other gell."

"Yes" replied her friend, "and how ah wan licen weddin, me na even believe she know dem married today. O gard, dem negger man wutless eh." Jestina's thoughts rushed back to the two speeding cars, then like a bolt from the blue, it dawned on her that the two persons she had seen in the back of the car in front were Cephas and Theresa, newly wed. Her legs gave way beneath her, and she fell to the ground in

a faint. The two women hurriedly rushed to her assistance, cutting their conversation short. A small crowd gathered round as they tried to revive her.

The vial which Jestina held in her hand had struck the pavement and was broken and the liquid was running out. "Look she battle get break," said one woman noticing the wet paper. "Ah way ye be she gat day," queried another woman who, on unwrapping the broken bottle and examining the contents, exclaimed. "Ye red like sarrell beer, but ye smell like obeah."

INDEPENDENCE, UNITY AND NON-ALIGNMENT—THE ONLY HOPE

BY KERWYN MORRIS

The policy of non-alignment is quite common among the so called "Developing areas" of the world—those areas that are shaking off once and for all the yokes of western colonialism and imperialism.

The smaller English-speaking islands of the Caribbean still under these yokes have either now accepted or had forced down their throats a new constitution that paves the way for an extended period of colonial servitude to Britain. The British Labour Party Government of Harold Wilson is rapidly proving itself to be more of a nuisance and a betrayal to the colonial peoples than the Conservative Party. But however fraudulent the constitution may be it is necessary that we understand what colonialism and imperialism are so that we may have a true concept of where we stood in history, where we stand now, and where we are headed for if we allow these evil practices to continue. Our brothers in Africa, Asia and Latin America are today still facing problems left by those iniquitous practices and it is only fitting that we identify ourselves with these peoples and see how they are solving their problems. The colonial and imperial powers will never solve them for us and it is naive for us to depend on them to do so. We have to take the reins of full and responsible government into our hands—including foreign affairs.

Colonialism is the practice of holding peoples in subjection for the purpose of exploiting them and their natural resources without due regard for the interests of these peoples. The interests of the "mother country" come first—in fact those are the only interests that exist in a colonial relationship. Colonising countries are the only mothers that suck from their young instead of giving suckle to their young. These colonised and muzzled peoples have no sovereignty of their own and are forced, very often

with fire-arms, to acknowledge the complete sovereignty of the colonising power. The resulting conditions always leave the majority of these peoples existing at sub-human standards, and very often it is only by violence that the sucking mothers and leaches can be shaken off. It happened in Haiti, it happened in Algeria, it happened in India and it is now happening in Viet Nam. As a people having a common colonial past we should throw our full support behind the Buddhists and the Liberation Front in their bitter struggle against American imperialism. It was against these conditions that men like Chaka, Toussaint and Chatoyer fought yet they were recorded as warriors and enemies. What a sad commentary on history. But history and time were on their sides and will always be on the side of those struggling for meaningful progress. The march of history and a peoples' struggle for liberation can never be stopped by fire-arms.

Imperialism is the practice often, though not always by the same colonising powers, of maintaining economic and administrative control over former colonies that have been "granted" independence. This practice is rampant throughout Africa. This is what Nkrumah was fighting against! This is what was at the back of the "Guinean experience" with France when Guinea voted out of the French commune! This is what the Euro-American air-lift of mercenaries into the Congo was about! This is what the American invasion into the Dominican Republic was about (under the pretext of saving the lives of American nationals), and such an invasion is exactly what will take place when progressive governments come to power in the islands of the Caribbean and try to strangle imperialism. For progress to be made imperialism must be stamped out for they are both incompatible, and the independent countries that fail to eradicate it can boast only of paper independence—an empty boast.

In January this year the victims of colonialism and imperialism held a mammoth Tricontinental Conference in Havana called the First Solidarity Conference of the People of Asia, Africa and Latin America and there were 88 delegates from 82 countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America present. It is too sad that we did not see it fit to send a delegation but, instead, joined the imperialists in dubbing it a "hate conference". It is quite time that we give our full and unflinching support to our brothers who have suffered under the same evil practices and join them in solidarity against the common enemy.

In order that the Caribbean may pursue a policy of non-alignment, two fundamental prerequisites must be met. One is independence and the other Caribbean unity. By independence is meant not just the acquisition of a flag and the chanting of a new national anthem, for real and meaningful independence is more than

There are many internal complications that could arise from affiliation with organisations that exist on a bloc basis. These organisations usually compete for affiliation among the developing countries and use the opportunity to introduce cold-war tactics and intrigue into the areas. This is seen particularly in the Trade Union movements. Affiliation for example with the ICFTU could bind us with certain actions which may not be in the best economic interest of the Caribbean area. Certain requests and directives from the headquarters which will certainly be outside the Caribbean and thus would not have the interest of the area foremost, would have to be followed. Further, affiliation with the ICFTU means non-recognition of the WFTU and this runs contrary to the theory and practice of peaceful co-existence as dealt with above. So we have two large sectional organisations each claiming to represent the interest of labour, one of communist orientation and the other (a paradox in itself) of capitalist orientation. Now since capitalism was and still is one of the major diseases arresting the economic growth of the Caribbean then we should not align ourselves with the ICFTU, for this would serve only to guarantee our continued exploitation at the whims and fancies of wealthy western capitalists and industrialists. On the other hand since the history of labour in the Caribbean with its plantation system has more in common with feudal Czarist Russia, then we may benefit from the experiences of the 1917 revolution. These benefits, however, can be obtained without affiliation to the WFTU which

Membership in regional organizations like the OAS can be beneficial but certainly not under the existing conditions for our sovereignty can very easily be undermined. Let us recall the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion of the sovereign state of Cuba in 1961 and we will remember

The independent policy that a United Caribbean should follow must be based on the principles set out in the United Nations Charter and at the Bandung and Belgrave Conferences of non-aligned countries, for only thus can imperialism and neo-colonialism be eradicated from the Caribbean.